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Experimental StoryWar: Musical Inspiration Mkl



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Chapter 1 by Harlander

The idea here is a story inspired by music. I'll get a track from my playlist, and you all should write drafts inspired by the music and lyrics. Each of you should also pick a track from your own playlist, and add it to the end of your draft. The following drafts will be inspired by that one. (Be sure to put a link to the track, a youtube video or some other way for people to hear it.)

The first track is

Orphaned Land - Through Fire and Water <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=XgVADhGYcJQ>

(Since this is in Hebrew and Arabic, here's a translation of the lyrics:

<http://www.songlyrics.com/orphaned-land/through-fire-and-water-lyrics/>)

Chapter 2 by Ryan DeAngelis



They were desperate. Bombshells came down from all directions, bullets whizzing overhead. Charlie and Justin were trapped with little to go on. Trying to find a safe place, they jump into a small ditch right beside them.

"We're gone now, Charlie. We can't get through this," Justin panted out. "This hole isn't even big enough to hold both of us!"

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"We will get through this."

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"There isn't much more to go."

"If you want to try, go ahead, but it would be better to go alone." Justin begins to run out of the pit, when Charlie grabs his leg and pulls him back down.

"No. We are going to do this together, or we don't do it at all. We've been together since camp, we can't separate now."

Justin stares at him, deciding whether to actually believe him or not.

"I want to be with you through it all, good and bad," Charlie pleads with him. "Don't you?"

Next Track: Feint & Boyinaband - Time Bomb (feat. Veela)

link: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=uOqZ1OQlcs4>

Chapter 3 by Harlander



Justin squeezed Charlie's hand tight. "Until the end."

Charlie squirmed forward again, peeking his head over the lip of the ditch. The peacekeeping force's outpost, a fragile island of safety in the ongoing chaos, was a mere handful of minutes' run away.

Just a few minutes through the hail of gunfire and shrapnel. He hooked his arm under Justin's, and hauled him to his feet. Together, they lurched forward.

A shell exploded only a few feet behind them. Charlie stumbled, fell, and forced himself back to his feet with a snarl of effort.

The outpost's heavy metal door hung open. A blue-helmeted soldier waved them on, and called out to them, his voice lost in the din of battle.

They were going to make it. Charlie was certain. Then Justin let out a sudden scream and

coughed up a mouthful of blood. His eyes rolled up in his head and his body went limp.

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Charlie could only stare. The soldier's hand was on his shoulder.

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"Time!"

The woman stood in the middle of the battlefield, as calmly as if she was browsing in a bookstore. She fixed Charlie with her gaze. "What if you could have more time?"

All around, the battle stood frozen. The dirt thrown up by a shell-burst hung like a fountain. A helicopter had been making a strafing run; its tracers were a fixed bright line across the sky.

Charlie looked to Justin. He was as still as the rest of the scene.

"What does it matter? He's dead. He's dead! There's nothing left for me in the rest of time."

The woman shook her head. "This is an ending, but it's not the only ending."

She stepped toward him. She was dressed in a sharply-cut suit, steel grey outlined in shimmering blue light.

"You can go back to the beginning. Change the outcome. Change the ending."

She reached out and took his hand. "Come with me." The world dissolved into white light...

Next track: The Adverts - We Who Wait

(Link: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=yBDGqZg7Wvg>)

Chapter 4 by adware



Charlie gawked at the beauty around him. It was the same place-- that was hard to believe-- the war scarred dirt field had given way to a beautiful community park.

In the grass was a group of adult men playing with toy guns. Wearing blue helmets. One man in the distance was controlling a toy drone, flying it around their heads.

Charlie turned to the woman, all his questions written on his face.

"You don't remember it, but after your war ended your published accounts of it became very popular. Your war became a cultural landmark. Your efforts are annually immortalized in these reenactments."

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"But this is your last chance to make up for your past. I mean, until next year's reenactment."
The man playing Justin was squeezing the hand of the man playing Charlie.
"Until the end."

Next track: John Congleton and the Nighty Nite - You Are Facing the Wrong Way
<https://youtu.be/B8Kk4h3rMMM>

Write a draft for chapter 5 of 8

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